

Among Disraeli's papers there is a reminiscence, written by forty years later, of his early visits to Scotland his intercourse with Sir Walter Scott.

When I was quite a youth (1825) I was travelling in Scotland and my father gave me a letter to Sir Walter Scott, to find him at Abbotsford. I remember him quite well. A

but rather stately person: with, his pile of forehead, piercing eye, white hair and green shooting coat. He was remarkably hospitable; and after dinner, with no lack of claret, liquors and whisky were brought in. I have seen him sitting in his armchair, in his beautiful library, which was the

rendezvous of the house, and in which we met in the morning, with half a dozen terriers about him: in his lap, on his shoulders, at his feet. 'These,' he said to me 'are Lie Dinmont's breed.' They were all called Mustard and Jerry, according to their color and their age. He would sit up in the evening, or his daughter, an interesting girl, or Scott, would sing some ballad on the harp. He liked to hear a story of some Scotch chief, sometimes of some Scotch squire.

He was at Abbotsford again later in the year for a day. The *Edinburgh Review* had just arrived. Mr. Lockhart, then thirty or so, but a very experienced literary man, I remember saying, 'Well, they may say what they like, but an author can write like Jeffrey on poetry. The article on Milton in the new number is the finest thing we have had for years.'

He came down to dinner, Sir Walter was walking up and in the hall with a very big, stout, florid man, apparently earnest conversation. I was introduced to him before I was as Mr. Constable — the famous publisher of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Waverley Novels*, the authorship of which was not then acknowledged; at least, not formally. It struck me, that I had never met before such an ostentatious

author or one whose conversation was so braggart. One would think that he had written the *Waverley Novels* himself, and only that Abbotsford belonged to him. However, he seemed to worship Scott, and to express his adoration. His age was announced, while he was at dinner, and he was asked to go, as he had to return to Edinburgh

to transact } business, and then go  
up to London by the morrow's mail,  
which also I was to return.

So we met again, and I sat opposite  
him. He put a rich

set cap with a broad gold band on  
his head, and looked

a great heraldic lion crowned.

We had two fellow  
engines, I am sure, but I don't  
recollect anything about